

THOSE HAPPY DAYS

WRITER RECALLS THE DELIGHTS OF HIS BOYHOOD.

When Life Was, More Or Less, One Continual Round of Joy—Particular Pleasure in Teaching the Calf to Drink.

Yes, sir! Boyhood's happy days, of course. We know about that. We haven't forgotten the joy of sleeping in an unfinished loft in winter, when our breath froze to the bedding and we had to thaw out with a hot flatiron every morning.

Morning, too! We got up at four a. m., pitch dark, 84 below zero, and still going down! We had to get up, hustle out and feed and milk the lowing herd, currying the rear elevation of the family mule, wake the rooster up to crow, thaw out the pump, chop four cords of wood and shovel away the snow to make room for the sun to rise!

Sometimes we went to school in the winter—not often. Only on the days when it was too cold and stormy to go outdoors. Then we sat on a nice, cool board about 50 feet away from the stove and gaily blew at our fingers and picked icicles from our hair. And, as we sat, we listened to a wooden image with a teacher's license as he handed us misinformation and permanently crippled our intellects.

Then came the merry springtime! Rise at 2:30 a. m. More lowing herd! The herd lowing owing to the supply of fodder being low. Then the hired man, who had hibernated in the forest, came forth seeking whom he might make happy with his presence. And we, being in need of extra joy, were allowed to sleep with this woolly hibernator, who snored like the boom of the sad sea waves. He was a good fellow, this hired man. He taught us to chew tobacco and swear. These gentle pastimes procured us more violent lickings than any other joy in our whole young life.

No memory is more loaded with joy germs than the spring crop-working. Can we ever forget the plowing? How we held the plow when we had to reach up with a pike pole to get the handles; how we drove the old plug team, with the lines around our neck; how, when the clevis broke, the mares walked away with our frail body dragging behind by the ears? When darkness came we stabled the plows and went forth to milk the brindle heifer. The heifer kicked us across the barn floor and an old cow obligingly kicked us back again. Then, when the milking was over, what fun to turn in and teach a fool calf to drink! This acting as dry nurse to a bandy-legged calf was one of the most unmixed joys of all. We tied the calf short, set the bucket in front of him, got astraddle of his neck, stuck two fingers in his mouth and with the other hand jammed his head into the pail. And all the time we were emptying out abuse on calves in general and this top-headed idiot in particular. This went on until dad came in and with loving patience horsewhipped us all about the place.

Then, when we had carried in the wood, brought 40 gallons of water from the spring and eaten about eight pounds of solid food, we went joyfully upstairs—and came down again immediately to breakfast.

We often dream and wake to weep for the days gone by when the hay was ripe. We recall the old sawdust that always had to be cut by hand. We recall little stones that we rasped the edge of our blades on. We recall the pretty snakes we stopped on with our bare feet. We remember it all with solemn gladness.

Well, well! How it all comes back to us!—Chicago Daily News.

The Heart of a Child. That which disparages us and quickens revolt is no less a factor in a child's emotional life. But there is this difference. We have the better opportunity to defend ourselves and to obtain reparation. So there is a certain pathetic pleasure in standing with humanity where its joys, longings, its embarrassments and its disappointments are simplest and newest, and, perforce, where impotency is absolute.

Give me this most uncommercial, this divinest, of enterprises for my own! Give me a child to be at home with, to be in absolute confidence with! If I cannot refresh and my warped, wrinkled and discolored old soul into the unbiased graces and the ethereal purity of the spirit of the child, let me now and again open that little door and shut myself in that little heart, just for the sheer delight of it.—Patterson Du Bois, in Success Magazine.

Begging Letter Writer. The ingenuity of the begging letter writer was illustrated anew by a story told by the bishop of Salford (Eng.) recently. Dr. Casarelli told the Dante society that there were both advantages and disadvantages in having an Italian name. "This morning," he said, "I received a begging letter from an impetuous Irishman, who said he had noticed my name was Italian. He appealed to me to support himself and his family because I myself happened to be born on the birthday of the king of Italy."

Safety Assured. Mr. Winks (solemnly)—A noted physician says that deadly bacteria lurk in bank notes, and many diseases, especially smallpox, are spread in that way. Mrs. Winks—Mercy on us! Give me all you have right off. I've been vaccinated, you know.—N. Y. Weekly.

Every article that goes out of the Bee Hive is an advertisement for it.

TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN BOY.

He Has Improved Markedly of Late, Declares a Casual Observer.

It seems to me that the quality of the boy now growing up in this country is peculiarly fine. He is not only less obstreperous and egotistical, but clearer and cleaner minded than the lad of twenty years ago. His advance physically will be manifest to anyone who will compare the figures in a class photograph of to-day with those of yesterday. He is taller, straighter, better featured, finer haired, handsomer and more like a thoroughbred in every way, writes George Harvey in the North American Review.

The exercise to which much of this improvement is attributable may be no more zealous, but it seems to be less spasmodic, more consistent and better adapted to its true purpose. As an inevitable sequence, his habits have become more regular, improving in turn his manners.

Altogether he has become attractive, partially in what he might resent being called a girlish sense, as the effect of his greater delicacy, but chiefly in a purely masculine way, since in point of reality he was never before so manly or so scrupulous of his personal honor.

His mother is the one chiefly responsible for this happy evolution. Thirty years ago her prototype donned a cap and became frankly middle-aged at marriage. From that day the principal feature of her personal appearance—her figure—ceased to interest her especially, and at forty she was satisfactory to a degree as a mother, but utterly worthless as a comrade and as a helper. To-day at forty-five she is her daughter's equal in appearance, and usually, we believe, her superior in the possession of that mysterious, indefinable, yet peculiarly fascinating quality known as "charm." She has not only maintained, but enhanced, her attractiveness by growing with, as well as for, her children.

It is this daily association from babyhood with her to whom instinct accords earliest reverence that has refined the boy. The father may have been no less congenial as a comrade, but circumstances have minimized in a comparative sense his helpfulness as a friend. Himself the product of a generation less carefully trained, and possessing the self-satisfaction of personal success, he is unable to perceive the desirability of a change in method tending to broaden development. Hence his patronizing attitude, his disposition to continue to treat as a child the son rapidly approaching manhood.

It is the mother, persisting in being a girl, who is glad to be regarded and treated by the boy as an intellectual equal. To her, therefore, belongs the credit of a transformation which we believe to be clearly perceptible, and which bodes the greatest good to this vast American organism which soon will require the finest mental and moral fiber yet demanded by civilization.

Bible History Up to Date. Miller Reese Hutchinson, the inventor, is a great motor enthusiast, and he has for many years been interested in their development. He sold out his stable when he took to motoring, and in consequence his son, Reese, Jr., a bright little chap of three knows little of anything in the vehicle line save the automobile.

Before his return from his country place in Hay Shore recently the lad's mother was telling him several Biblical stories, and among others told of the birth of the Saviour of the world in a stable in Bethlehem. The lad was much interested, and later in the evening he awoke from his sleep and insisted on more stories. Asked what stories he especially desired, he replied, seriously: "Oh, I don't know, I think I like that one about the garage in Bethlehem."

The Eye Game. Captivating shades are "coming in" with the liking for candle light at dinner parties. One of the prettiest shades is of white satin, embroidered with silver thread. Candle-shade games will be popular. One is called the "eye game." Every shade bears a reproduction of the eye of a distinguished man or woman, painted on mica, which lights up. Pencils and cards are passed around at desert, and guesses as to the owners of the original eyes are written down. The diner who makes the largest number of correct guesses gets a prize.

Gloria Mundi. "Speak of me," quoth the novelist, magnanimously, "as frankly as if I had been dead 100 years." "If you had been dead 100 years I shouldn't be speaking of you at all," replied the critic, taking prompt advantage of the dispensation.—Pack.

The "good things" are many, the prices just right at the Bee Hive.

MR. AND MRS. LINGERFIELD

Expert Opticians of Dayton, Ohio, Will Be in Hillsboro, at Hotel Parker, Four Days, Beginning Dec. 11 to 14, Inclusive.

FREE EXAMINATION.

Mrs. Zella Grimm, who lives on Sycamore St., Lebanon, Ohio, says: I wish to make a statement for the benefit of my friends who so well know of my eye trouble, trusting that same may be an incentive for them to consult Mrs. Lingerfield if they have defective eyes, whom I consider the most thorough person I ever met in the profession, and I think I know whereof I speak, as I have consulted several of the best eye specialists and have worn glasses prescribed by them, but never in a single instance were they satisfactory. After a very careful and painstaking examination, Mrs. Lingerfield pronounced the defect in my vision, mixed astigmatism, which causes me to be near-sighted in one meridian and far-sighted in the other, in the same eye. Upon examining my glasses she found that only one of these defects had been corrected thus accounting for the continual trouble I had in getting glasses. Mrs. Lingerfield then fitted me accordingly and from the moment I put the glasses on I was relieved of that blurring. All disappeared as if by magic, which I think truly remarkable in my behalf, for I had concluded that my eyes were beyond repair, as I had consulted numerous specialists and paid all kinds of prices for glasses and none were satisfactory.

Therefore inasmuch as Mrs. Lingerfield has accomplished that which others failed to I recommend her to all my friends. MRS. ZELLA GRIMM. HEADACHE CURED IMMEDIATELY. Mrs. E. O. Patton, of Westboro, Ohio, says: I suffered for five years with a constant headache and misery in my eyes when I would do any close work. When I went any place from home would always return with sick headache. I had Mr. Lingerfield prescribe glasses for me. That stopped the pain in my head and eyes immediately upon wearing them and have not had an ache or pain in head or eyes during the past year. Can do any close work with perfect ease, also see at a distance distinctly.

EYE MEDICINE DID NO GOOD. Mrs. J. N. James, who lives at Midland, Clinton county, Ohio, says: I don't believe any one ever suffered more with their eyes than I have. They felt as though they were full of sand; they would scratch, itch, burn and feel like they were full of little stickers. There was a constant flow of tears. There would be sharp, shooting pains in my eyes which the doctors said was rheumatism of the eyes. But medicine did no good at all. I took different kinds of eye medicine and yet got no relief. My vision then began to fail rapidly; I could not recognize any one a short distance away; I could not see to read or sew. Indeed I became greatly worried about my condition for fear I would lose my sight altogether. But I am very happy to state that by using glasses fitted by Mr. and Mrs. Lingerfield my suffering has been brought to a sudden ending. I have not had an ache or pain in my eyes or head; can see far and near perfectly. I must say I am overjoyed with my glasses and am very glad to recommend these opticians to all eye sufferers.

CAN SEE AS OTHER PEOPLE. Neal Haynes, who lives 3 miles north of Lebanon says: "I have been a constant sufferer from poor vision and weak eyes all my life. Had been to many opticians who fitted my eyes but it seemed that the glasses never gave me the satisfactory results which I thought I should receive. I became discouraged and as a last resort I went to Mrs. Lingerfield, who after a careful test and examination, diagnosed my case to be one of extreme myopic astigmatism which all other opticians failed to discover, or if they did, they failed to correct. After wearing glasses 4 months all confusion and dizziness had disappeared and my eyes are perfectly normal, with the assistance of the glasses prescribed by Mrs. Lingerfield."

Mr. and Mrs. Lingerfield are permanently located in Reibold Bldg., 611, 612, Dayton, Ohio. Home 'phone 6333.

Honest goods at honest prices at the Bee Hive.

"Ignorance of the law," said the judge, "excuses no one." "That being the case," rejoined the prisoner, "it's a wonder the jury didn't find my lawyer guilty."—Chicago Daily News.

"Could you do the landlord in 'The Lady of Lyons'?" asked the manager of a seedy actor. "Well, I should think I might; I have done a good many landlords."—Tit-Bits.

Husband—My colleague is the most insatiable man I ever saw. He wants everything he sees. Wife—Can't you introduce our daughter to him?—Mogendorfer Blatter.

Bowles & Co., North High Street.

Hillsboro's Book Store, Established for More than Fifty Years.

Bowles & Co., North High Street.

Gift Books.

While the Heart Beats Young. By James Whitcomb Riley. An art book with more than fifty illustrations. Price, \$2.50.

The Christy Book. By Howard Chandler Christy. Special cover design. Forty illustrations, boxed. Price, \$2.50.

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An Old Sweetheart of Mine. By James Whitcomb Riley, with drawings by Howard Chandler Christy. Price, \$2.00.

Fiction.

Titles selected from our holiday stock. Jane Cable. By J. B. McCutcheon. Five splendid illustrations, ornamental covers. Price, \$4.50.

The Fighting Chance. By Robert Chalmers. 12 mo., cloth. Price, \$1.50.

Puck of Pook's Hill. By Rudyard Kipling. 12 mo., gilt top, illustrated. 1 mo. \$1.50.

The Spirit of Bambaste. By H. Rider Haggard. 12 mo., cloth, illustrated. Price, \$1.50.

Katrina. By Roy Rolfe Gibson. Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens. 12 mo., cloth. Price, \$1.50.

A Lady of Rome. By F. Martin Crawford. 12 mo., illustrated, cloth. Price, \$1.50.

Lady Betty Across the Water. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson, illustrated by Orson Lowell. Price, \$1.50.

Wild Animals I Have Known. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Large. 12 mo., fully illustrated. Price, \$2.00.

Popular Copyrights.

\$1.50 Fiction for 50c. St. Elmo. By Agusta Evans.

The Prodigal Son. By Hall Caine. Castle Crane-crow. By G. B. McCutcheon.

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The Pleasant Pastime Series. Large, illustrated short stories, 35c. Paper Picture Books from 5 to 25c. Rag and Linen Books, numerous titles and stories, ranging from 5 to 50c. The Rollo Books, 16 mo., cloth. Illustrated. Price, 25c. Oliver Optic Stories, 16 mo., cloth. Illustrated. Price, 25c.

Mail orders will receive prompt attention. Add from 5 to 10c to the price for postage.

BOWLES & COMPANY, North High Street, Opp. Soldiers' Monument.

1826 S. E. HIBBEN & SON 1906 TRY OUR "White Rose" Germantown Yarn, "Utopia" Saxony Yarn and get something that will please you. S. E. HIBBEN & SON.

TAKE UP AFRICAN FARM.

December 3, 1906. C. W. Roler has rented the East Danville flour mill and took possession last Monday.

Mrs. Frank Higgins is sick and three of her children have scarlet fever.

Ira Fouch will leave for Albuquerque, New Mexico, Friday.

Oliver Walker and Karsener Moore attended the oyster supper at New Market last Thursday night.

I. L. Dehass and J. H. Berry were the guests of home folks from Thursday till Monday.

Barge Peterson has bought the farm of Ed. Richards near here.

Mrs. Henry Bohls, of Mowrystown, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Maggie Calley, last Friday.

WINKLE.

Miss Joy Hizer, of Hillsboro, Mr. Harshbarger and family, of Point Victory, and O. M. Roush and family ate turkey with Geo. Roush Thanksgiving day.

Dame Rumor says that there will be three weddings in our town before the 1st of 1907.

John Fouch and son, Earl, who have been sick for three months are able to be out of the house now.

Miss Corda Sonner and Master Glenn were the guests of their grandparents, Isaac Sonner and wife, at Pricetown last week.

Otto Rose, of Mowrystown, was on our streets last Sunday evening.

A. S. Calley was the guest of his sister in Missouri last week. Mr. Calley had not been here for 26 years.

McA. Robinson, of Hillsboro, was looking after his farm here last Wednesday.

ARSENIC AS A STIMULANT.

Swiss Guides Have Great Faith in the Drug—Good for Horses.

"Horses and mountaineers," said a chemist, "consume arsenic as a college boy consumes Egyptian cigarettes. No particularly evil results, so far as I can make out, follow."

"During the Alpine season big consignments of arsenic go out regularly to the Swiss guides. These men claim that a lump of the drug, allowed to dissolve gradually in the mouth, helps one up a stiff grade as a rope would do."

"A pinch of arsenic is occasionally sprinkled over horses' oats, or a piece the size of a pea is fastened to their bits. The stuff puts fire and go into the animals. It rounds them out. It makes their coats glossy."

"But no one should take to arsenic. No one should take to any stimulant. We are better off without such things."

"Did you bring your references with you?" "No, mum. Did you?"—Life.

Our FREE gifts are numerous, we give away fancy china, imitation cut glass, granite wear, tin wear, lamps, silver wear, jewelry, etc. etc.

Coupons with all purchases. You can get Xmas presents FREE by trading at The Bee Hive.

and his sister, Miss Ruth, of Hillsboro, were the guests of their parents near here last week.

Miss Maud Nave, of Mowrystown, was the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Nave, last Thursday.

Notice of Appointment. Estate of Mary E. Rogness deceased. The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as administrator of the estate of Mary E. Rogness, late of Highland County, Ohio, deceased. Dated this 26th day of November A. D. 1906. E. H. SEVY, Wilson & McBride, Attorneys.

In the six months ending June 30, 2297.20 miles of new railway track was laid in this country, a greater amount of new construction than in any corresponding six months in the last 15 years, except in 1902, when new construction aggregated 2314 miles.

The person who discovers a method of communication between planets will receive \$30,000 from the French Academy of Science.

Mrs. Gabbeigh—I told the doctor that I was run down, and he asked to see my tongue. Mr. Gabbeigh—Hub, I would have told him that wasn't run down.—Rosen Transcript.